

WOMEN TELL HOW THEY BEAT MEN

UMATILLA ELECTION COMES AS ENTIRE SURPRISE TO MALE CANDIDATES

Didn't Even Know a Feminine Ticket Was in the Field Until Late Afternoon of Election Day—Awakening Then Was Too Late.

UMATILLA, Ore., Dec. 11.—Since the election of last Tuesday, when an all-woman ticket was elected, "the how and the why" has been the chief topic of conversation. Some people know a good deal about the "plot" and others are just finding out all about it.

E. E. Starcher, present mayor, and C. G. Brownell, councilman, the two political powers of Umatilla in the past, are dazed. They do not know how it happened and what has dazed them most is the fact the mayor's wife, Mrs. Laura J. Starcher, was elected mayor over her husband, and Mrs. C. G. Brownell was elected to the council, and neither of the two husbands knew their wives were running until 2 o'clock in the afternoon of election day. When they woke up it was too late.

"I didn't know a thing about it until the afternoon of election day," said Mayor Starcher. "I felt secure enough but I got busy at once. Everywhere I went among old adherents I found they had voted for my wife, and I thought all the time they had voted for me."

Some of the men in Umatilla are not quite so honest about it. They are the wise ones and know how it happened, but the women are still keeping quiet, letting their husbands surmise how they were beaten at their own game. But "murder will out," as they say, and this is how it really happened, according to good authority:

The present administration had been letting city affairs run along the lines of least resistance. Laws were strictly enforced, city improvement was at a standstill and Umatilla was rapidly retreating back into the sagebrush stage of years ago.

Someone made up their mind to change things. The women officers-elect disclaim knowing who, but it is whispered that the power behind the throne was Mr. and Mrs. Robert Merrick.

Card Party Caucus. A card party, to all outward appearances, was held at the residence of Mrs. C. G. Brownell a short time ago. The members of the feminine ticket were invited and quietly informed during the evening they had been selected to administer to the life of Umatilla. A line of campaign was quietly talked over, and the ladies got busy.

And Mayor Starcher, City Auditor Hull and Councilman C. G. Brownell allowed election day to approach, and in their ignorance of what their wives were doing, feeling secure. No ticket was brought out, no ballots printed. They believed they couldn't be beaten.

Some men said the women were elected because Mayor Starcher and Auditor Hull were so "cock-sure" of their power. But the fact remains, a change of administration was needed for Umatilla if that town is to grow, the need was realized and the women of Umatilla arose to the occasion. Business Administration Promised. Umatilla will be given a business administration and a progressive administration," said Mayor-elect Laura J. Starcher. "We believe the women can do many things and effect many reforms in this town that the men did not dare do. We propose to replace the electric street lights, which the present administration removed, clean up and improve the streets, lay sewers and do everything we can to improve the physical and moral health of Umatilla. We shall enforce the laws strictly."

We have not decided upon our marshal (an appointive office), but that official will be a woman, also. We will not leave the enforcement of our laws to any man, because past experiences have proven the laws will not be strictly enforced. If there is occasion for work that our woman marshal cannot perform, we will appoint a deputy for the occasion. But Umatilla is peaceful and we anticipate no trouble from that source.

New Official Family. The feminine ticket elected consists of Mrs. Laura J. Starcher, mayor; Mrs. Bertha Cherry, auditor; Mrs. Robert Merrick, treasurer; and Mesdames H. C. Means, C. G. Brownell, Stella W. Paul and Gladys Spinning, councilmen.

Two men councilmen, Al Stevens and C. G. Brownell, hold over, but judging from the attitude of the women, their power will be sadly limited.

REALTY TRANSFERS

Warranty Deeds. M. E. Anderson, et ux, to Oscar T. Bowen, 118, S 1-2 SW 1-4 and NE 1-4 SW 1-4 and SE 1-4 NW 1-4 section 8, township 6 south, range 28. John Tompkins, et ux, to W. E. Potts, 137,000, acreage in townships 5 north, range 22 and 24. Cunningham Sheep & Land Co., to Emma D. Durkheimer, 15422.50, 261 acres in section 18, township 2 north, range 22. W. H. Blusher, et ux, to Paul Brandt 13000, 480 acres in section 10, township 2 north, range 29.

In the exposure of a social lion as a professional loan shark real life puts over another one on anaemic fiction.

Once in a great while you meet a bright woman who successfully boasts of the skeleton in her closet.

The Weakly Bulldogger

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1916.

John Judges Her by Her Clothes. John Montgomery says he can't understand why the artist ever named that picture September Morn. He says it looks to him more like Eve than Morn.

Here You Are, Judge. Judge Marsh complains that we have not mentioned him in the Bulldogger for several issues. We wouldn't mention him today except that we can't think of any other jokes.

She Took the Starch Out of Starcher. Well do we remember the time when the whipping post was the fate of the husband who beat his wife. What now, of the wife who beats her husband, we ask, not through fear of personal disfigurement but approval of the election held at Umatilla last week wherein Mrs. E. E. Starcher beat her husband very badly?

Let the Punishment Fit the Crime. A Colfax junk dealer the other night when the mercury had sunk to 11 above, applied for permission to spend the night in the Pendleton city jail which, whatever its drawbacks, is a warm place. He was given the privilege. Later it was discovered that he left his horse tied out in the cold. Night Officer Lou Rayburn, in his daily report to Chief Gurdane, announced his intention, unless restrained by orders, of tying the man outside and bedding the horse in the jail if any similar case comes to his notice.

Counter Movements. Judge Lowell is engaged in the formation of a Moose League for the suppression of profanity and the Pendleton Golf Club has launched a campaign for new members. While it is not the purpose of golf to promote profane expression, from a first hand knowledge of the game we deem that its increasing popularity here is inimical to the best success of the Moose League.

Two Jailbreaks. Ever since the election excitement died down there has been a dearth of real live news and the work of the reporter has been humdrum indeed. But there comes an end to all things, and

the end of this monotony in news gathering came Thursday evening when the ghost of the library row escaped from confinement and four prisoners broke out of the county jail.

New Model Teeth. Derr Waffle bought a new set of false teeth the other day and they worked all right until he got into a discussion with a barber. Barbers are noted for their garrulity, but it would take a whole flock of them to silence Derr. However, this particular barber pushed him so hard in the tongue wagging contest that Derr's tongue got caught in his false teeth and was held as securely as if one of Ed Averill's coyote traps had closed on it. It may be that the dentist who made those teeth designed them as a regulator of Derr's flow of speech. Recalling, however, a few occasions when a dentist insisted on carrying on an animated conversation with us while he had a steam drill, a horn-flat and two thirds of a forearm buried in our facial cavity, we deem it not amiss to suggest that this new style of speech-checking teeth would be appreciated in the mouths of the makers.

The Downfall of Pete. Pete Sheridan, the Butter Creek Go-It, was in town last week and he was wearing his old clothes and a glum look. From what we hear from his neighbors he has reason plenty for wearing both. It was this way, as we rather it. Pete was in Echo on election night in order to get the returns as received at Carl Gilbert's barber shop. As everyone knows, the early returns were all for Hughes. Pete got an idea. He remembered losing a \$25 suit of clothes two years ago on an election bet with Waldon Rhea, and he had been waiting for a chance to break even ever since. So when he heard that New York, Indiana and Illinois were in the Hughes column, he called up the Rhea ranch and offered to wager a \$25 suit on Charles E. Rhea, who is strong for Woodrow. Pete promptly took him up, and Pete could hardly restrain the chuckle that welled up within him. He had previously wagered a new hat on Hughes, and now decided that, if he was going to be dressed up, he ought to have a new

pair of shoes, so he made another wager with an unsuspecting Wilsonite an eight dollar pair of kicks being the stake. He then went to bed and dreamed of Hughes sitting in the presidential chair and himself strutting like a peacock in new spring feathers. Out of charity we will stop the story right here. It is better to leave Pete sleeping, for we all know what happened during the night.

MANY CATTLEMEN ARE NOW RAISING SHEEP

Small Bands Prove Valuable for Mutton and for Cleaning up Weeds and Adding to Income of Ranch.

PORTLAND, Dec. 11.—District Forester George H. Cecil, Portland, Oregon, says that a large number of cattle permittees who are using the National Forest ranges of Oregon and Washington are now raising on their ranches small bands of from 20 to 200 or 400 sheep, which are considered valuable for furnishing mutton, cleaning up weeds and adding to the income of the ranch.

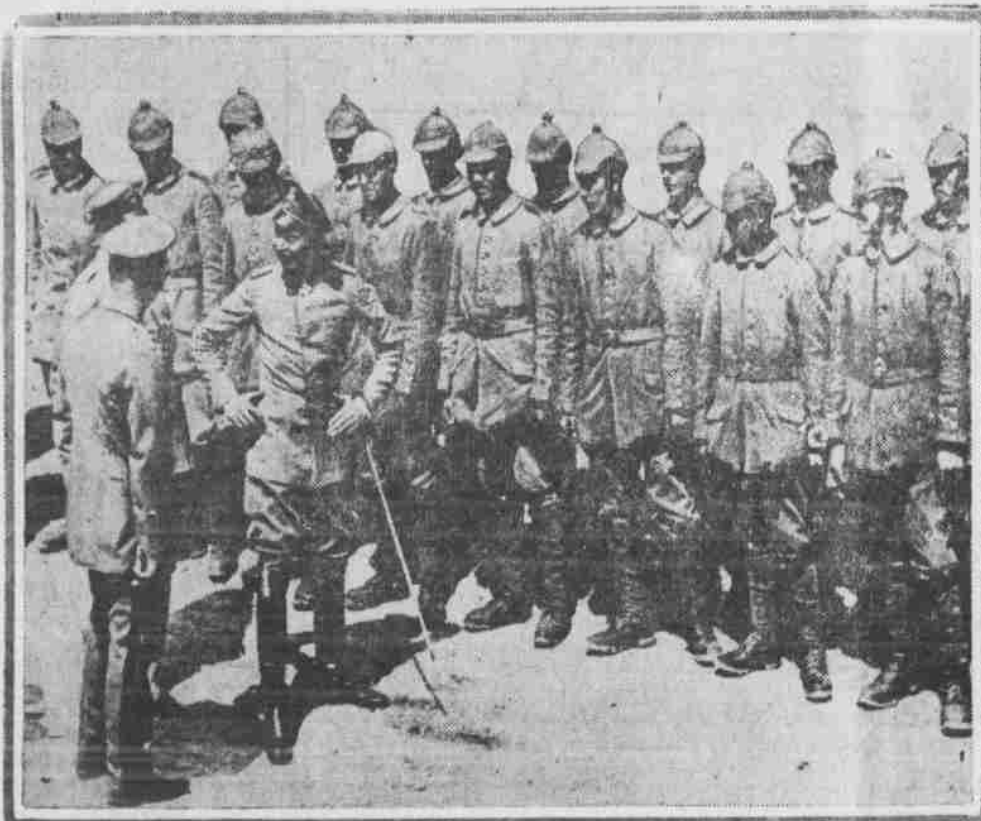
This is quite a concession for the cattlemen to make, according to Mr. Cecil, but it is interesting in that it indicates the coming of a more diversified system of management on the interior ranches, as well as being a factor in keeping up the supply of sheep already considerably decreased by the homesteading of much of the public range.

Don't Let Skin Troubles Spread. Red, pimply skin that itches and burns is embarrassing, and gets worse if neglected. Bad skin is a social handicap and a constant source of worry. Correct it at once with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. This healing ointment kills the germ, soothes the irritation and quickly restores your skin to normal. For babies suffering the tortures of eczema, or for grown-ups who have long fought chronic skin ailments, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment is a guaranteed remedy. At your Druggist, 50c.—Adv.

So far as the dead and wounded are personally concerned, the Mexican "war of kites and crows" is as serious as the war in Europe.

France, remembering the days of Napoleonic expansion, may look upon the outspreading German empire with a philosophical smile.

CROWN PRINCE AT VERDUN THANKS TROOPS



This is one of the few late photographs of the German Crown Prince at the front. He is shown here taking some of his soldiers who distinguished themselves in defense of captured Verdun positions, which positions have since been entirely recaptured by the French.

When Coffee Disagrees Use INSTANT POSTUM

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